

# Good Morning 594

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## One Word Pauline, Greets P.O. Bert Wicks



**YOUR** wife is annoyed, P.O. Bert Wicks. Your young daughter, Pauline, has begun to say "Dada," and obstinately refuses to say anything but that, ignoring the distaff side entirely.

Well, that's what your wife told us when we called at 52, Dawlish-road, Reading, Berks., to see her and fourteen-month-old Pauline.

Your daughter now has ten teeth of her very own, and is trying hard to walk. She knows all your photos and to anyone who is listening, proudly states that this is her "Dada." She is just like you, says her Mother, and adds that young Pauline won't eat anything sweet. Sounds quite a chip off the old block, doesn't she?

Your wife's family are keeping very well, and Dad is waiting for you to come home so that you can repeat your previous performance and do your best to get half seas over again. Where did you spend your last leave, the Grenadier?

We have been asked to let you know that Gladys and Doris are still as bad as ever, and still favour soldiers. It seems that the Submarine Service doesn't enter into their lives.

You will be pleased to hear that Winnie's husband, Bert, is coming home soon, and that there's no need to worry about brother George. He's in the Guardhouse, so he's quite safe!

You remember that gas-fire you broke last time you were home? Well, your wife has been trying to make the thing work, but it only blows up when she puts a match to it. That's one thing you can see to on your next leave.

The wireless is working much better now you are not at home playing with it, added your wife. We thought that most unallant of her, but she should know best.

Anyway, Bert, she, Pauline and your dog Trixie, send you all their love, and they are hoping to see you again soon.

## W. H. MILLIER AND HIS PALS AT THE SIGN OF THE JOLLY ROGER The Toast is—Brown Jack!

**I**F a foreigner had been present in the bar parlour of The Jolly Roger when Bernard Binks, the bookmaker, had proposed the toast of the evening, he would have failed to understand the full significance of drinking to the health of an ancient horse.

He would have told his friends, "These mad Englishmen, they are so crazy about sport that, at a time when their country is at death grips with a relentless enemy, they never talk about the war, but just worship a horse."

Perhaps it would be a waste of time to try to tell that hypothetical foreigner that it is our love of sport that keeps us sane when all the rest of the world, or at least, seven-eighths of it, appears to have gone mad.

Our sporting pals were merely drinking to that wonderful old racehorse, Brown Jack, now 21 years old and enjoying his well-earned retirement in the hunting country at Market Harborough.

Paddy Lynch, the old jockey, had conveyed the information that his pal, Steve Donoghue, had sent the first telegram he had ever heard of addressed to a horse.

"Steve hadn't forgotten," said Paddy. "He sent a telegram for the 21st birthday greetings to Brown Jack, which read: 'Best of luck in 1945 from your old pal, Steve.' That's just like Steve. He doesn't forget old pals."

"You can hardly mention Brown Jack," said the Guv'nor, without thinking of Steve Donoghue. Horse and jockey matched each other in every respect that mattered.

"They were the perfect combination which makes for success. I suppose Steve was riding for nearly forty years, so that he must have ridden many hundreds of different animals, and yet there is one that he singles out as the most lovable four-footed pal, Brown Jack."

"Yes," said Bernard, "they were a wonderful couple. Much as the racing public loved Brown Jack, I am pretty sure that they would not have backed him if the owner had put up any other jockey. For purely business, they were no good to the bookmakers—they won too consistently for that—but it will show that bookmakers do not think solely of the money side when I mention that they used to cheer that old warrior when he won his favourite race at Ascot, the race that he had made his own: two and three-quarter miles, the longest flat race in this country."

"I suppose Brown Jack must have been one of the biggest bargains of recent years," said the Guv'nor. "He won £23,500

in prize money, without counting a tidy fortune in bets."

"All Sir Harold Wernher paid for him," said Paddy, "was £700. He bought him from my old friend, Rogers, of the Curragh, who wanted £1,000, but he was satisfied to let him go at £700. Of course, it is all largely a matter of luck in buying and selling thoroughbreds. It doesn't mean that the highest priced horse is bound to win most money. As often as not, it works out the other way."

"Still, it is nice to know that the right horse fell in the right hands, if you know what I mean," said Nat. "I had some nice winning bets on old Brown Jack, and I think of him as something of a

"Given just ordinary luck, I think we shall see Steve training some smart winners when we get down to full peace-time racing," said Paddy. "He has some promising youngsters in his stable now and will be able to get many more later on."

### HE KNOWS A HORSE.

"He is a wonderfully good judge of horseflesh," said the Guv'nor. "Whenever he was given the choice of mounts for a big race, I never knew him to pick the wrong one. That is, in my opinion, the big difference between Donoghue and Gordon Richards. It is curious to note how frequently Gordon has picked the wrong horse. That

I stole the race on sheer jockeyship. It was the year that Craig-an-Eran, winner of the 2,000 Guineas, had been backed for packets of money."

"If any other jockey but Donoghue had been on Humorist, I would wager my last penny that Craig-an-Eran would have won."

"You may recall that not long after winning the Derby Humorist was found dead in his box. They held a post mortem on him and discovered that the horse had only one lung."

"That is something to remember, if you like. A horse with one lung winning the Derby! It speaks volumes for Donoghue's riding, as well as for the grand gameness of the horse."

"There is another instance, by the way," interrupted the Guv'nor, "of a horse with one lung putting up some notable performances."

"The Guv'nor's right," put in Paddy. "He is referring to Percy Whitaker's horse in the Grand National. Isn't that so?"

"Quite correct," answered the Guv'nor. Capt. Percy Whitaker was one of the best amateur steeplechase riders of his time. He headed the list of winning amateur jockeys one year, but he never had the luck to win the Grand National.

"You know how largely luck enters into the winning of that race. It isn't always the best horse, or the best rider that wins."

"It was in 1908, the year that Rubio, the 66 to 1 outsider, won. Percy Whitaker was riding his own horse named Lawyer III and came in third. A few hours after the race Lawyer III dropped dead. Whitaker had thought a lot of this horse and wanted to know the reason."

"He and a vet then held a post-mortem, when it was seen that that great-hearted horse had only one lung."

### NEEDS LUCK TO WIN.

"Yes, of course, I remember it now," said Bernard. "Percy Whitaker would have given nearly all he possessed to win the Grand National. He looked like winning in 1922. Whitaker's horse, Arravale, was badly baulked by a fallen horse when running strongly near the end of the race."

"Yes, you certainly need a big slice of luck to win the Grand National, even if you are riding the finest jumper that was ever foaled."

"I remember that when Lawyer III came in third in that Grand National," said the Guv'nor, "how many people fought shy of backing a horse that happened to be named 'Something the Third.'"

"It used to be said that third would be the nearest it would ever get to winning. Yet it was only a year later that Lutteur III won the Grand National, which goes to show that names have nothing to do with winning races."

"All the same," said Nat, "Brown Jack is a name that will not be forgotten for a long time. Let's have another drink to the grand old warrior, and may he live to a record age."

"And with that we'll couple my old pal, Steve Donoghue," added Paddy. "You can't leave him out."



national hero. His owner would is probably why he has still to never have parted with him for the biggest sum ever offered for a horse.

He is now at a happy home to live out the rest of his years in peace, just because he was in the right hands.

"It might have made all the difference if he had been bought by some purely gambling owner, who would have raced him to death before his time; and his carcass would have ended up in a Belgian butcher's shop, or have been sold here as cats' meat!"

"That would never have happened to Brown Jack while Steve Donoghue was about in the land," said Paddy. "Why, Steve has told me more than once that he would have loved to have given this old horse a home to kick his heels in happiness."

"Don't forget that between them they hold the record of winning the same race six years running. That's the Queen Alexandra Stakes at Ascot, the longest distance under Jockey Club rules."

"I should say it would be a popular gesture if the authorities were to re-name that race and to give it the title of The Brown Jack Stakes," said the Guv'nor.

"Not a bad idea," agreed Bernard; "and what could be nicer than for our old friend, Steve, to be able to train the winner when the event comes back into the Racing Calendar after the war!"

"That would be worth celebrating in real slap-up style," put in Nat, who was always ready to celebrate anything on the slightest pretext.

"I agree there is a lot of truth in that remark," said Bernard, "but apart from knowing how to pick the right horse, Donoghue was, to my way of thinking, the supreme artist of our time over the Epsom Course."

"There was a period when, if the horse was only half good enough, Steve was unbeatable in the Derby."

"I shall never forget the fine race he rode to win on Jack Joel's Humorist, in 1921. There is no doubt in my mind that Steve



"What d'you mean, Pettigrew, your race? Your microbe's disqualified for bumping and boring!"



## A Song to Sing for L.S. Bob Walters

**T**HERE'LL be a pint or two waiting for you next time you pop across to the "Vic" from 400, Queensbridge-road, Dalston, E.8, Leading Seaman Bob Walters.

You will be interested to hear that your two-year-old daughter, Brenda, is busy learning a song which she is going to sing to you when

you are next on leave, and by that time perhaps Sheila will be advanced enough to make it a duet.

Both your Mother and Father are keeping well, and also Vera and Mickey. As you will see from the photograph, your wife's Mother and sister are well, and young June has never been better.

All the boys are well, adds your wife, and you will be pleased to hear that Chris has just enjoyed a short leave from France.

Until you are home again Bob, your wife and her family, Mr. and Mrs. Parker, and all from the "Vic" send you their best wishes, and hope it won't be long before they see you.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# "I HAVE FOOLED GOD" cried the Skipper

Concluding  
"MAKE WESTING"  
By JACK LONDON

AND on Sunday morning the wind was failing. The big sea was going down and running smooth. Both watches were on deck setting sail after sail as fast as the ship could stand it. And now Captain Cullen went around brazenly before God, smoking a big cigar, smiling jubilantly, as if the failing wind delighted him, while down underneath he was raging against God for taking the life out of the blessed wind.

Make westing! So he would, if God would only leave him alone. Secretly, he pledged himself anew to the Powers of Darkness, if they would let him make westing. He pledged himself so easily because he did not believe in the Powers of Darkness. He really believed only in God, though he did not know it. And in his inverted theology God was really the Prince of Darkness. Captain Cullen was a devil-worshipper, but he called the devil by another name, that was all. At midday, after calling eight

bells, Captain Cullen ordered the royals on. The men went aloft for faster than they had gone in weeks. Not alone were they nimble because of the westing, but a benignant sun was shining down and limbering their stiff bodies.

George Dorety stood aft, near Captain Cullen, less bundled in clothes than usual, soaking in the grateful warmth as he watched the scene. Swiftly and abruptly the incident occurred. There was a cry from the foreroyal-yard of "Man overboard!" Somebody threw a life-buoy over the side, and at the same instant the second mate's voice came aft, ringing and peremptory—

"Hard down your helm!" The man at the wheel never

moved a spoke. He knew better, a sordid little drama in which but now he watched big Dan Cullen was the scales balanced an unknown Cullen, hairy and black, vested sailor named Mops against a few with power of life and death, to miles of longitude. At first he smoking a cigar. Captain Dan Cullen smoked

sign. "Down! Hard down!" the second mate roared, as he sprang aft.

But he ceased springing and commanding, and stood still, when he saw Dan Cullen by the wheel. And big Dan Cullen puffed at his cigar and said nothing. Astern, and going astern fast, could be seen the sailor. He had caught the life-buoy and was clinging to it.

Nobody spoke. Nobody moved. The men aloft clung to the royal yards and watched with terror-stricken faces. And the Mary Rogers raced on, making her westing. A long, silent minute passed.

"Who was it?" Captain Cullen demanded. "Mops, sir," eagerly answered the sailor at the wheel.

Mops topped a wave astern and disappeared temporarily in the trough. It was a large wave, but it was no greybeard. A small boat could live easily in such a sea, and in such a sea the Mary Rogers could easily come to. But she could not come to and make westing at the same time.

For the first time in all his years, George Dorety was seeing a real drama of life and death—



"You wouldn't believe how many fur coats she can use!"

another long, silent minute. Then he removed the cigar from his mouth. He glanced aloft at the spars of the Mary Rogers, and overside at the sea.

"Sheet home the royals!" he cried.

Fifteen minutes later they sat at table, in the cabin, with food served before them. On one side of George Dorety sat Dan Cullen, the tiger, on the other side, Joshua Higgins, the hyena. Nobody spoke. On deck the men were sheeting home the skysails. George Dorety could hear their cries, while a persistent vision haunted him of a man called Mops, alive and well, clinging to a life-buoy miles astern in that lonely ocean. He glanced at Captain Cullen, and experienced a feeling of nausea, for the man was eating his food with relish, almost bolting it.

"Captain Cullen," Dorety said, "you are in command of this ship, and it is not proper for me to comment now upon what you do. But I wish to say one thing. There is a hereafter, and yours will be a hot one."

Captain Cullen did not even scowl. In his voice was regret as he said—

"It was blowing a living gale. It was impossible to save the man."

"He fell from the royal-yard," Dorety cried hotly. "You were setting the royals at the time. Fifteen minutes afterward you were setting the skysails."

"It was a living gale, wasn't it?" (Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. A soubrette is a kind of hat, meat stew, sash, light meal, intriguing woman, small shoe?
2. What is the fastest thing known to man?
3. What country first used the swastika as its official emblem?
4. Who is "the Bounding Basque," and what game did he play?

5. How many kittens—if any—would you put in a cat's cradle?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? B.A., LL.B., M.A., F.R.S., M.D., D.Sc.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 593

1. Baby's cradle.
2. Cynosure is a centre of attraction; sinecure is a job with pay but no duties.
3. 70.
4. Rugby football.
5. George Eastman.
6. Match is used to obtain a light; others have to be lit.

## I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



AN interesting article on the three-six-month-old swans on the Palace moat at Wells, and how they are adapting their family's picturesque tradition of ringing a bell when they feel hungry, appears in the "Somerset Guardian."

The writer says: "Within six weeks of being hatched they had learned this advantageous trick from their parents. Their mother is the swan who lost her mate and an eye in the raids on Bath and became the partner of a bereaved male bird at Wells."

"What with her personal losses through the blitz and being bundled off to Wells in a crate, when she left her haunts at Bath, she may have felt that the whole world was arid and menacing. But, although she did not know it, she was on her way to romance and happiness."

★

"SHE was cordially welcomed by the bereaved bird at Wells, and they started 'housekeeping' on a firm basis."

"On the ninth day after her arrival, she learned from the keeper's wife, after hours of patient tuition, that ringing that bell was a paying proposition. Now it is second nature."

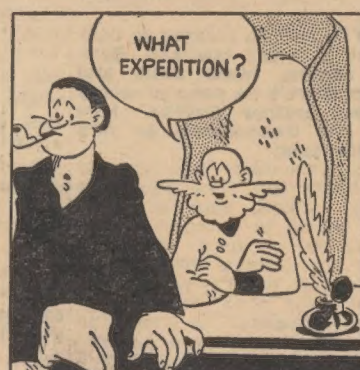
The article goes on: "The anxiously awaited family was hatched on Whit Monday."

"The implications of the bell made a profound impression on the brood, and, as stated, within six weeks they had mastered all there was to know."

★

SWANSEA'S oldest inhabitant, Captain William James Blackmore, of Singleton Terrace, has just died, aged 102. A well-known shipping figure in his day, he was a native of Babbacombe (Devon) and went to Swansea 80 years ago in a small vessel laden with china clay for the potteries then flourishing in the town. Swansea china to-day fetches sky-high prices. He left the sea when he was 50 to take on the job of harbour pilot at Swansea.

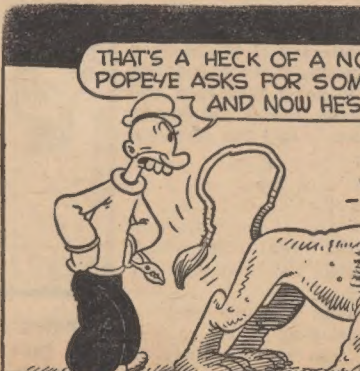
### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE





# WANGLING WORDS—533

1. Insert consonants in \*A\*\*I\*\* and I\*I\*\*A\* and let two ports.  
2. Here are two German cities whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?  
NITGURB — MAHETTS.  
3. If "stint" is the "tin" of meanness, what is the tin of (a) Cars, (b) Bells?  
4. Find the two trees hidden in: Though you'll need your map, leave your compass behind, as Harry has his.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 532

- GRAVESEND, LOWESTOFT.
- FLORENCE—VENICE.
- (a) Bandicoot, (b) Rib-band.
- L-i-l-i-e-s.

## JANE



# "MAKE WESTING"

(Continued from Page 2)

it, Mr. Higgins?" Captain Cullen

said, turning to the mate.

"If you'd brought her to, it'd morning found George Dorety

have taken the sticks out of her," standing in the coach-house com-

was the mate's answer. "Youpanionway at the for'ard end of

did the proper thing, Captain the long poop, taking his first

Cullen. The man hadn't a ghost gaze around the deck. The Mary

of a show."

George Dorety made no answer, in a stiff breeze. Every sail was

and to the meal's end no one spoke. set and drawing, including the

After that, Dorety had his meals staysails. Captain Cullen strolled

served in his state-room. Captain for'ard along the poop. He strolled

Cullen scowled at him no longer, carelessly, glancing at the pas-

though no speech was exchanged senger out of the corner of his

between them, while the Mary eye.

Rogers sped north toward warmer

latitudes. At the end of the week, Dan Cullen cornered Dorety on

deck.

"What are you going to do when

we get to 'Frisco?" he demanded bluntly.

"I am going to swear out a

warrant for your arrest," Dorety

answered quietly. "I am going

to charge you with murder, and

I am going to see you hanged

for it."

"You're almighty sure of

yourself," Captain Cullen sneered,

turning on his heel.

A second week passed, and one

day, standing in the coach-house com-

was the mate's answer. "Youpanionway at the for'ard end of

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Captain Cullen bent over sud-

denly and cast the staysail-sheet off from its pin. The heavy block hurtled through the air, smashing Dorety's head like an egg-shell and hurtling on and back and forth as the staysail whipped and slatted in the wind.

Joshua Higgins turned around to see what had carried away, and met the full blast of the vilest portion of Captain Cullen's profanity.

"I made the sheet fast myself," whimpered the mate in the first lull, "with an extra turn to make sure. I remember it distinctly."

"Made fast?" the Captain snarled back, for the benefit of the watch as it struggled to capture the flying sail before it tore to ribbons. "You couldn't make your grandmother fast, you useless hell's scullion. If you made that

sheet fast with an extra turn, why in hell didn't it stay fast? That's what I want to know. Why in hell didn't it stay fast?"

The mate whined inarticulately. "Oh, shut up!" was the final word of Captain Cullen.

Half an hour later he was as surprised as any when the body

of George Dorety was found inside the companionway on the floor. In the afternoon, alone in his room, he doctored up the log.

"Ordinary seaman, Karl Brun," he wrote, "lost overboard from foreroyal-yard in a gale of wind. Was running at the time, and for the safety of the ship did not dare to come up the wind. Nor could a boat have lived in the sea that was running."

On another page, he wrote:—

"Had often warned Mr. Dorety about the danger he ran because of his carelessness on deck. I told him, once, that some day he would get his head knocked off by a block. A carelessly fastened mainstaysail sheet was the cause of the accident, which was deeply to be regretted."

because Mr. Dorety was a favourite with all of us." Captain Dan Cullen read over his literary effort with admiration, blotted the page, and closed the log. He lighted a cigar and stared before him.

He felt the Mary Rogers lift, and heel, and surge along, and knew that she was making nine knots. A smile of satisfaction slowly dawned on his black and hairy face. Well, anyway, he had made his westing and fooled God.

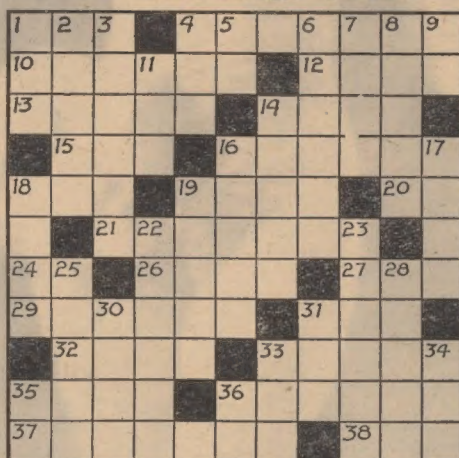
THE END.

Doctor: "Hullo, Jenkins, why is the right side of your face in a bandage?"

Jenkins: "Because, doctor, my wife is left-handed."

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 A Scot.



1 Unburnished, 2 Divert, 3 Dominion, 4 Old bird, 5 Dealing with, 6 Lissom, 7 Colour, 8 Furnish, 9 About, 11 Sharp sound, 14 Spacious, 16 Trade-mark, 17 Eft, 18 Frown, 19 Believe, 22 Walking-poles, 23 Goes aimlessly, 25 Part of flower, 28 Good-bye, 30 Female animal, 31 Speck, 33 Heavy, 34 Remain, 35 Army punish ment, 36 That fellow.

CLUES DOWN.

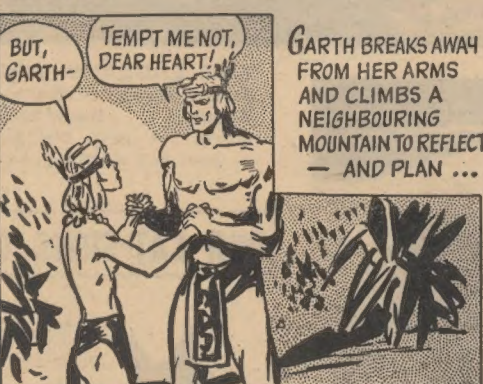
4 Fowl, 10 Strong woman, 12 Climbing plant, 13 Garment, 14 Tear, 15 Plant juice, 16 Cotton town, 18 Guided, 19 Run, 20 Pronoun, 21 Abashed, 24 Higher, 26 Small, 27 Turncoat, 29 Jog memory, 31 Accomplished, 32 Chat, 33 Bulgarian capital, 35 Vehicle, 36 Shop-keeper, 37 Made happy, 38 Entreat.

EBB WATCH G  
LABEL ROSY  
PURLED ALUM  
OBEY EAGLE  
I TARS ODD  
SIGHT POWER  
ENA OAST A  
CRUMP HULK  
BULL AVENUE  
ERIN CARDS  
G CADET OHM

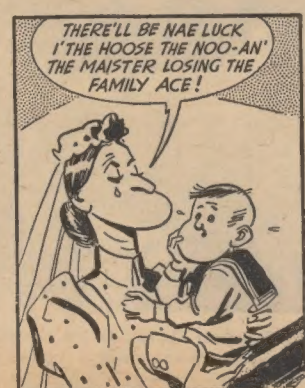
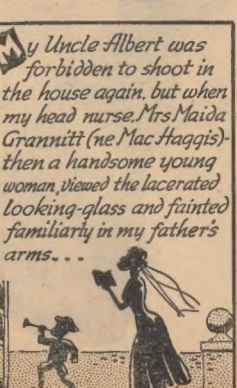
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



Much of Arntwee's ancient affluence was artfully acquired from the neighbouring nobility by the merciless manipulation of the family ace. It was an heirloom of undoubted antiquity and, though somewhat frayed still a winner. My father kept it in his right pump when he was playing...



## PHIZ QUIZ

"Better move the gasometer, the Old Man's got his eye in!" cried the fans. Just as popular "Down Under" as he was on every County ground in England.

(Answer to-morrow)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 593:  
A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty.



## HOME TOWN NEWS

**LIMELIGHT.** MANY Welsh working men have won high honours, especially ex-miners and railmen. Latest one to come in the limelight is Coun. Llewellyn Heycock, youngest member of Glamorgan County Council, who has been included among the 19 members of the new Welsh Advisory Council for Education set up by Mr. R. A. Butler, the Minister of Education.

He is the only "ordinary" worker to be elected to the Council, the others being professional men. He is an engine driver at Port Talbot.

Just over a year ago Railman "Billie" Vaughan was Mayor of Port Talbot.

## CAKE-EATING FOX.

MRS. EDWARDS, wife of a G.W.R. guard, of Lisvane, Glam, has proved that you can tame a fox and make him a respectable member of the family circle. Reynard was taken to Mrs. Edwards' home as a cub when his mother was dug out after going to earth in a chase by Pentyrch hounds.

He wakes the children up in the morning, scrambling on their beds and licking their faces, joins in their games—mostly at night-time, when he is wide awake after sleeping most of the day—and he is good pals with Jolly the spaniel and the five cats in the home.

Reynard has porridge for breakfast, vegetables for dinner, cake for tea, and a pot of porridge for supper. Only once has he been "naughty." He ate the stuffing out of a settee!

## Alex Crack

Wife: "They've sold the dress I wanted which you didn't like, dear."

Husband: "Good! Now you'll stop worrying for it."

Wife: "Of course, darling! I bought it this morning."



# Good Morning



The gal with the outsize tit-for-tat is Adele Jergens, Columbia's teasing stripper. When she starts to cast clouts, the customers start to sing, "Come out, come out, from under that hat." Anyway, that's the story we've heard, and that's the story we're sticking to



**CALLED FROM THE BAR.** "And when the time came to pass up the first exhibit, the pint of wallop, I found my junior had scoffed it. So what do I do? Quick as a flash, I say, 'M'lud, I accept your ruling: no beer is bad, only some is better than others.'"



What's all this? Delivering the bread down the coal-hole! Must be one of those Black Market channels we hear so much about.



"Any broken toys to mend?" is the cry of A.B. Gordon Davis as he tours the children's wards of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital at Stanmore. Gordon is a patient at the hospital himself, and has been taught to use tools as a curative occupation.

**THIS ENGLAND.** A giant of the forest in Burnham Beeches, Buckinghamshire. A very old giant, too, we would guess.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

